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RACE IN HISTORY.

ONE of the grandest lessons which we acquire from experience is patience—ability to wait for the ripening of results in due season. Anthropologists must not be in a hurry. They are only laying the foundation, on which another and a later age may rear an appropriate superstructure. Their labours have not yet obtained due recognition even from men of science, and it is no wonder, therefore, that men of letters utterly ignore them. The scholar, as such, is of course a man of books. It is his vocation to study the *written* records of the past, to familiarise himself with the thoughts and the deeds of men, in so far as these have been recorded in literature and embodied in the volumes which constitute his library. With *facts* lying on the outside of books he has but little concern. Only yesterday he learned that archæology is an older leaf in history than the earliest inscribed chronicle. And he has yet to discover that anthropology underlies even archæology. As we have been accustomed to state the truth without reservation, let us say at once, that scholarship hitherto has been special to the point of narrowness. Familiar with the thought-forms of Europe and Western Asia, it has regarded these as an effective expression of the cultured mind of humanity. Only quite recently has it extended its views, by embracing the productions of the eastern Aryans, and in the striking affinity of their mythology and philosophy to those of Greece, has become dimly conscious of a racial element in this unmistakable relationship of peoples, so historically dis severed and so geographically isolated.

Even with this extension, however, the intellectual outlook of the scholar is still solely and essentially Caucasian. Of other modes and phases of mental existence, he was and is practically ignorant. Of the vast and venerable Mongolic civilisation of China and Japan, or the American culture of Peru and Mexico, he knows nothing, but that they differ in *degree* from the more effectually developed civilisation of Greece and Rome, of France and Britain. That they are fundamentally different in *kind* is a truth which has yet to dawn upon him. That they originate in alien elements and rest on another ethnic basis, and tend in their process of internal growth and unfolding to divergence from, rather than assimilation to, the forms of culture appropriate to a Caucasian area, is a discovery, which, however well known to men of science, is yet but very imperfectly appreciated by men of letters. In a sense, it has not yet found its way into *books*. It is a truth still on the outside of the literary arena.

The origin of these literary prejudices is not far to seek. It arises from the fact that the culture of the scholar is still mainly, and we may say essentially, dogmatic, not scientific. He is accustomed to accept assertions rather than seek for proofs, and prefers abiding by "the law and the testimony" to entering on a course of inquiry which may unsettle his established habits of thought, and land him in a region where his old masters would no longer serve as guides for his pilgrimage. He is still, in short, what he was originally, a man of authority and tradition, whose proofs must be written, and whose facts lie on his shelves. In saying this, do not let it be supposed that we undervalue scholarship, even as an instrument for progression. Of its invaluable labours in the sphere of criticism and exegesis it is impossible to speak too highly. Here it has done its work most nobly, and we were worse than ingrates did we fail to acknowledge our indebtedness to it in this department of inquiry. But it is still very imperfectly posted up in *facts*, and, what is of far more importance, very inadequately impressed with their value.

Now, do not let it be supposed that these remarks are dictated by a spirit of hostility to the literary profession. They are simply a statement of things, which every student may verify for himself. And our object in bringing these deficiencies of the scholar so prominently before the public, is not to injure him or diminish the range and force of his legitimate influence, but rather to induce him to supplement his present deficiencies by a more liberal and expansive course of study, calculated to raise him to a level with the foremost minds of the age in those other departments of culture which, though at present foreign, are by no means alien to his own.

Of all the provinces of scientific inquiry, that which should most

interest the scholar is undoubtedly anthropology. It has to do with his especial subject matter, man, not only in reference to his bodily qualities, but also his mental attributes. It endeavours to discover, not only the specialities of his physical structure, but also the characteristics of his intellectual constitution. It dwells not merely on the colour of his skin or the shape of his features, but on his habits and ideas, his manners and morals. It contemplates his religion, it investigates his philosophy, it observes his art and estimates his literature. No amount of culture, no advance in civilisation raises man above its investigations, and no degree of savageness sinks him below them. It is not contented with the present, but surveys the past, and this too with a gaze so piercing, with instruments so powerful, that in the area of time which it covers, the historic age sinks, as regards duration, into utter insignificance. The indifference of men of letters to ethnology, under its olden form, was perhaps not only explicable but justifiable; but we feel assured that the science of man under the grander and more expansive form which it has now assumed has only to realise, even in part, its lofty aspirations, and its universal recognition as one of the noblest of the sciences, cannot be much longer delayed.

We have been led into these remarks by seeing the grave misapprehensions into which even Buckle, under many aspects the most advanced mind yet devoted to the composition of history, has fallen, in consequence of his utter ignorance of anthropological facts. With immeasurably the highest conception yet developed of what the historian should be, he nobly endeavoured to realise this *beau idéal*, and in his own work to reach the lofty standard of perfection existing in his soul. To say that he has even remotely approached to this, in the merely introductory fragments, which are all that remain of his vast attempt, would be a piece of literary flattery that he would have been the first to disown. But with all their errors and shortcomings, and, as we have intimated, they are neither few nor small, these fragments have given a development to the historical idea, have furnished the historian of the future with a conception of his own proper attainments and of the work which he ought to accomplish, such as had never previously dawned on the human mind. It was, indeed, a conception that, in its entirety, could not by any possibility have been formed in a previous age, for it implies the mastery of subjects only now in the process of investigation.

The distinctive feature of Buckle as an historian is, indeed, his clear perception of the necessity for scientific as well as literary attainments on the part of him who would treat worthily the great theme of human progress. He had discovered the great truth that

history cannot be written solely from books, and, as a consequence, he distinctly saw that history is yet unwritten. He endeavoured in part to supply this want. That he failed was due in some measure to his premature and ever to be lamented death, which cut him off, if not in the very blossom of his youth, at least in the pride and strength of his intellectual manhood, with a life of magnificent preparation, apparently just ripening to its appropriate and abundant harvest. But he failed also from the narrowness of his views and the deficiency of his attainments, which would have rendered his success imperfect, even though he had reached to the longevity of Methuselah. This we know is saying much; for in condemning him we necessarily, by implication, pass sentence on all who are inferior to him in breadth of culture and expansiveness of outlook; and this, alas! does it not embrace all who have hitherto devoted themselves to the sublimest province of literary labour?

Buckle, as we have said, admitted the necessity of scientific knowledge to the historian, and nobly endeavoured to qualify himself for the composition of his great work by a considerable amount of discursive if not profound study in this direction. But unfortunately he did not know that anthropology is a science. Nay, falling into the error of John Stuart Mill, he roundly declares, in the second chapter of his first volume, that "original distinctions of race are altogether hypothetical." And then corroborates this random assertion by a quotation from the former's *Principles of Political Economy*, to the effect that "of all the vulgar modes of escaping from the consideration of the effect of social and moral influences on the human mind, the most vulgar is that of attributing the diversities of conduct and character to inherent natural differences." If this be not an instance of the blind leading the blind, and as an inevitable result, their tumbling into the ditch of error together, we have yet to learn where an apt illustration is to be found. Under such tutelage, at least in ethnic matters, it is no wonder that poor Buckle occasionally lost his way, confounding external influences with inherent capacity and susceptibility, the force of outward circumstances with the aptitude and receptivity of the race subjected to their action. As a result of this grave misconception, indeed, it is not too much to say that his whole work is based on an egregious error, on the stupendous fallacy of organic and intellectual equality, if not identity, among the various races of mankind. These, we admit, are rather bold and sweeping assertions, which should not be uttered without sufficient warrant, or accepted without adequate proof. And at the risk, therefore, of wearying our readers, we will enter somewhat more at length into this important subject, which has a direct bearing, as they cannot fail

to have observed, on the entire question of anthropology, its claims on the public and its position in science.

As of all the departments of literature, that of history would seem to be the one in which a knowledge of anthropology is the most necessary, so of all the provinces of history, that of civilisation would appear to be the one in which an acquaintance with the specialities of race is the most desirable. Without it, indeed, one half the elements of the problem under solution are excluded, namely, those which attach to the subject matter. Circumstances, whether of soil or climate, the aspects of nature or the supply of food, are the conditions of existence, but racial type is the material on which they have to act, and unless you understand the latter as well as the former, your explanations cannot fail to be imperfect and your hypotheses unsatisfactory. But of all this Buckle was so childishly ignorant, that he attributes everything to the circumstances and nothing to the type, and as an unavoidable result often contradicts himself and stultifies his own reasoning, to say nothing of his going directly in the face of well ascertained and universally admitted facts in connection with either the past or present state of the grander divisions of mankind. Thus, in treating of religion, he attributes diversities of faith wholly to the different aspects of nature, which tend to produce sentiments of fear in tropical countries, where she is overwhelmingly powerful, and feelings of love and admiration in the temperate zone, where her phenomena are more manageable and moderate in their character. And he ends by selecting "India and Greece as the terms of the comparison," that is, as the mythologic antitheses of each other. How a man, otherwise so well read, should have been ignorant of the fact that the mythology of the two countries is fundamentally identical, and that it originated in a comparatively northern and temperate region, it is now impossible to say. But independently of this obliviousness, to use the mildest possible phrase, of all that philological research has revealed of the connection between Greece and India, what must we think of an author professing to write the history of civilisation, embracing, of course, the development of the religious idea, while ignorant of the distinction between the pantheism of the Aryan and the monotheism of the Semitic races. To say nothing of the contrast between either of these exalted forms of belief and the Shamanism of the Mongol or the Fetishism of the Negro. The result of this blank ignorance of all the requisite facts for a due illustration of the subject is, as may be supposed, the twaddle of a schoolboy's essay rather than the gravity of an historian's dissertation.

He falls into a similar error in reference to civilisation generally;

that is, attributing it wholly to external circumstances. This, for instance, is the style in which he discourses on Egypt: "The civilisation of Egypt being, like that of India, *caused by the fertility* of the soil": and, from this hopeful commencement, proceeds in a like strain of confident superficiality to the termination of his flowing thesis, utterly ignorant of the almost fathomless depths over which he is so easily gliding. He begins with an assumption which, though based on tradition, is far from indisputable; namely, that civilisation *certainly* commenced within or near the tropics. Now, we know that the Aryan culture of India descended over the Himalayan mountains from the north-west; while there is ample monumental evidence that the civilisation of Egypt was *imported*, the builders even of its pyramids being acquainted, not only with the hewing of stone, but with many of the higher principles of architecture. Of the increasing archæological evidence that the cyclopean architecture of Greece and Italy antedated the most ancient monuments of Egypt, it is obvious that Buckle was entirely ignorant. As we have said, it was a piece of information not yet fully embalmed in books—his books; and of course, as a necessary result of this ignorance, the suspicion had never dawned upon him, that the *beginnings* of Aryan culture are to be sought in Europe, not Asia, the Persian and Indian civilisation of the latter being, on this view, but a prehistoric colonial extension from the former.

But, granting that as a mere scholar he might be pardonably ignorant of such dawning archæologic and ethnic truths, we find him falling into other errors, no less fatal to his pretensions as the competent historian of civilisation. Thus, for example, he speaks without hesitancy of the Egyptian as an *African* civilisation. Now, of course, this is literally true, in a *geographical* sense. But in what other? Then he attributes the superiority of Egyptian over any other form of African civilisation, simply, as we have said, to the greater fertility of its soil. As if, throughout nearly the whole of Nigritia, there was any want of fertility. Why, speaking generally, it is the most barbarous parts of Africa, those south of the Sahara, that are naturally the most productive; just as, in South America, it is in the vast plains bordering on the Amazon and the Orinoco, where the prodigality of nature is almost overwhelming, that the Indian tribes are the lowest. If there had not been men in Egypt of a higher type than in Negro-land, the delta of the Nile would still have been a pestilential and unproductive swamp. Let it be distinctly understood, that it was not her soil, but the men who tilled it, that made Egypt a wonder among the nations. And let it also be fearlessly announced by anthropologists, that a purely Negroid type, though they had

possessed twenty Egypts for twice ten thousand years, would never have raised the magnificent piles of Luxor and Carnac, of Dendera and Edfou. Nor would they in a million of years, even under the most "favourable conditions", have realised the greatness of Memphis, or the grandeur of Thebes. Again, let it not be supposed that these assertions are too bold, or the preceding remarks too severe. The time has now assuredly come, when the accepted fallacies of a learned barbarism should succumb to the clear demonstrations of inductive science, and racial facts be championed to their appropriate place, as among the most important and reliable data upon which history, more especially that of the earlier ages, can be based.

Prejudices are most expensive guests. Their cost to all men is considerable; but to the intellectual labourer it is incalculable. They shut out the very light that he wants; they exclude the very knowledge of which he is in search; they render him blind to the objects of his fondest desire, and often incapacitate him for those very undertakings in which he would otherwise have achieved deserved success. It was thus with Buckle. It was his life's ambition to be an historian; and yet it was his perverse fate to despise and reject a branch of knowledge absolutely essential to the fulfilment of his desires. Thus, in the matter of Egyptian and Indian civilisation, his naturally fine insight, amounting often to the lightning intuition, or, as we say, "inspiration" of genius, enabled him to perceive their profound correlation; yet it never struck him to inquire why the influence of the former has left no perceptible trace on the Negro mind, while that of the latter has moulded and is moulding the religious faith of the Mongol to its profoundest depths, through Buddhism. He was satisfied with the ultimate fact, that Nigritia has retained its Fetishism almost intact to our own day, while Tartary, nearly to its remotest bounds, has almost wholly surrendered its primitive Shamanism in favour of the Aryan faith of its southern neighbours. And why was he, the professed historian of civilisation, so unwisely indifferent to such momentous facts in the progress of humanity? We answer, because he was ignorant of the grander capacity and greater receptivity of the Mongol as compared with the Negro, and by his foolishly nurtured prejudices, shut himself out from the very knowledge which would have furnished him with a key to this, and a thousand other historical phenomena, lying in his very path and waiting for a lucid explanation, had he been only competent to afford it.

In composing a history of civilisation, nominally in England, but really of the world, it assuredly behoved the historian to show why,

even in primitive times, the Caucasian nations and empires were contradistinguished from the Mongolian by a religion, philosophy, literature, art, and social constitution, all of an order so much higher, of a character so essentially superior, that it indicates their being the product of a nobler race. Why have the Mongolian empires of China and Japan accepted Buddhism from India, without producing the shadow of a shade of influence in return? And how is it that, in the prolonged period of their stagnant civilisation, they have never developed a poetic mythology like that of the Aryans, or a sublime monotheism like that of the Semites? And why have they not evolved that subtlety and profundity, that richness and diversity of thought, which characterised the schools of India three thousand years ago? And why is their literature still devoid of that refinement and elegance, that splendour and power, which, from the Ganges to the Thames, has for five thousand years attached to the productions of the Aryan race, whether composed in Sanscrit, Zend, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, French, German, or English? And why is a Chinese pagoda the only response to the Rameseion, the Parthenon, and St. Peter's? Why is chivalry utterly unknown in the farther East, and gallantry perfectly inconceivable? And the reply of the anthropologist is, that the Mongolic type is utterly incapable of producing these things, at the most only susceptible to their modified action, as alien influences received from without. And in confirmation of this inherent inferiority of the race, he points to the fact that when, in the grand tidal movements of humanity, the age of supremacy for the nervous and intellectual nations was drawing to a close, and it became necessary to recruit their physical exhaustion with a material baptism from the muscular types, and, as a consequence, Caucasian Asia and Eastern Europe were subjected to all the horrors and degradation of Mongolic invasion, the conquerors brought with them no new ideas, opened up no well-springs of thought, originated no faith, founded no philosophy, and inaugurated no art. Whether as Tartars or Turks, they came and they have remained as barbarians, gross, coarse, ignorant, and brutal, their only redeeming attributes being their courage as warriors, and their faith as disciples. Now a history of civilisation that ignores such momentous facts, that fails to grapple effectually with such stupendous problems in human destiny, may be very learnedly and very eloquently written, but for all the higher purposes of history is simply an instance of scholarly impertinence and pretentious pedantry, to which men of science are in no way called to submit, and against which, indeed, they are bound to enter their most vigorous protest.

In descending the stream of time Buckle ultimately lands his reader in modern Europe. But what shall we say of a history of civilisation in any modern European nation, that fails to take into account the ethnic results produced by the successive conquests and colonisation of the classic and Teutonic races, and their commingling with the Celtic tribes of the north-west. And what can we think of any history of modern times, whether it relate to Asia or Europe, that does not critically investigate the origin and influence of Christianity and Mohammedanism, and show that the former is a Semitic faith adapted to Europe by a large admixture of Aryan elements, which, in exact proportion as they qualified it for diffusion in the west, disqualified it for permanent action on the Semitic populations of the hither east, who accordingly developed the faith of Islam as a necessity of their higher nature. Again, let us not be afraid to announce that the man who shall attempt to write the history of religions without a reference to race, is, by this very omission, demonstrably disqualified for the task which he has so lightly undertaken. Let us state the fact as it is in nature, that the religion of a people, like their literature and art, must have a certain adaptation to their mental constitution; that when developed from within, it has this necessary congruity in virtue of its origin, and when imported from without, it must be modified into accordance with the racial tastes and tendencies of its converts.

As a further illustration of the truth of these remarks, we may cite the Reformation. Now, to attempt an exposition of this vast movement, either in its causes or its consequences, without a reference to race, is like endeavouring to find your way out of a labyrinth without the clue. In its essential character, it was an uprising of the Teutonic against the ecclesiastical predominance of the classic type. It was thought asserting its superiority to feeling. It was reason refusing obedience to faith. Hence, in its ultimates, as among the Scotch Presbyterians, it deprived worship of all its æsthetic accessories, and while stripping the priest of his vestments, cast the organ out of the church. In strict correspondence with this, it also reduced prayer and praise to the subordinate position of mere accessories to the great event of the day—the sermon—a theological prelection on points of doctrine rather than practice, addressed to the intellect rather than the sentiments. Hence it synchronised with the rise of the inductive philosophy, and has been followed by the inevitable emergence of the north-western nations into industrial wealth and political leadership. Now, to write long dissertations on such movements, without reference to race, is simply learned child's play, a phase of literary amusement to which the eloquent historian was, it

must be confessed, rather prone. To affirm that race had nothing to do with the reformation, and that Protestantism is wholly due to external agencies, and not at all to inherent proclivities, is to assert that the sun has not risen at midday—a fact patent to all men who will take off their spectacles and walk out of their libraries. These, however, were feats of which Buckle was apparently incapable. He could only see facts through books, and had no confidence in any conclusion unless *the premises* were in respectable print. He could not see that in its general geographical outline, Protestantism, after three centuries of conflict, still stands on the Teutonic area, leaving the Slavonic, Celtic, and classic races still for the most part in contented subjection to the traditional faith and ancient ritual. We of course do not mean to say literally that he would have denied the fact, but we do assert that, from his established habits of thought on historical subjects, he could not have applied it.

With such deficiencies as those which we have just indicated, it was of course unavoidable that Buckle, notwithstanding his fine talents, and, in many respects, superior attainments, should nevertheless commit many grave errors, and be guilty of many important and almost fatal omissions. Thus, in contrasting the intellectual development of England and France, he of course notices the predominant tendency to court patronage in the latter country. But he does not see, what every anthropologist knows, that this is a part of the Celtic tendency to clanship and chieftainship, whereby the individuality of the citizen is merged in the collective greatness of the nation, and the nation itself is most befittingly embodied in and represented by the monarch. “I am the state” was a sublime truth from the mouth of Louis XIV, but would have been arrant nonsense if uttered by the greatest of English kings. The two Napoleons are possible as the chieftains of Celtic Gaul, but either would have proved a miserable failure in Saxon England. The difference, both in character and destiny, between the wars of the Fronde and the Commonwealth, is to be traced to the same cause. Now an historian who writes learned twaddle about the surfaces of things,—and he who dwells wholly on circumstances can do little else,—may be very respectable just at present, but he holds his good name only on sufferance, and must be prepared to surrender his hardly earned reputation whenever the public shall have become sufficiently informed to see the inadequacy of his data, and, consequently, the imperfection of his method and the unsoundness of his conclusions.

It is needless to follow Buckle further, for his errors being those of principle, of course pervade his entire work. To do him justice, he is consistent in error. His second volume is but an expansion of his

first, and the remainder, had he lived to complete them, would but have served to yet more affectually embody his misconceptions. He did not see why the great revolution of the eighteenth century was more explosive in France than it could have been in Germany or Britain. Neither, in treating of Spain, had he apparently the smallest apprehension of an underlying Iberian element in the national character. He did not see that this, mingling at the great ethnic epochs with the Celtic, must produce a very different effect from the opposite commingling of the Teutonic element in Gaul. He saw the ferocity, and sternness, and bigotry of the Spanish character, but he never suspected the extent to which these darker features in the mental constitution of an otherwise noble and gallant people, were intensified by their Moorish baptisms, both historic and prehistoric. That Spain, ethnically, is an appanage of Africa as well as Europe, and that in the future, as in the past, she must be prepared occasionally for the tidal onset of Carthaginian and Saracen, with their barbarian hosts, is a fact which never occurred to his bookish mind, as a possible explanation of anything sinister, in the conquest of Peru or the establishment of the Inquisition. He could not be made to understand that an *auto da fé* was in a measure, the far off echo and result of the king of Dahome having encamped a little too long on the mountains of Castile, and so left a rather strong infusion of his sable atrocity in the veins of his otherwise gallant and noble subjects. Alas! these things, as we have said, are not yet in books, and we fear that unless anthropologists learn to write them, it will be a long time before they will find their way into "polite literature."

As compared with his predecessors, Buckle no doubt was distinguished by breadth of view and diversity of culture, yet his radical defects after all arise from his exclusiveness and want of grasp. His generalisations when really large, as in the case of those derived from statistics, have generally been made for him. He shows this narrowness or rather onesidedness of intellect in so readily accepting John Stuart Mill's absurd rejection of the racial element. But the same defect attaches to his mode of contemplating his favourite subject, namely, external circumstances. Thus, for example, he greatly underestimates the effect of geographical position in its relations to the great tidal movements of humanity. The fact that Europe is in the west, and is thus at present the recipient and embodiment of that mundane force, which for several thousand years has been sweeping from the Euphrates to the Thames, was but very imperfectly appreciated by him, though a cardinal fact from his stand-point and for his especial work. And as a part of this omission, he in his tremendous

philippics against the bigotry of Spain and Scotland, quite forgets the necessary influence of their geographical position as western termini, in virtue of which the one became an especial representative of the ecclesiastical despotism and æsthetic superstition of the Latin nations, while the other in an equal degree, and from correlative circumstances, became an embodiment of the hard, dry, logical doctrine, and unartistic ritual of the predominantly muscular Teutons. Although, as we have observed, the ardent devotee of circumstances, he could no more see this, than he could the corroborating if not corresponding ethnic facts, that the Celtiberian is the most fibrous, and the Caledonian the most osseous of their respective types.

Again, let it not be supposed, from the severity of these remarks, that the gravamen of our charge rests on Buckle individually. We have already said that his ideal of history was the highest yet developed. And if he died too early for the effective realisation of his sublime conceptions, the world will still ever remain his debtor for the thought. His failure, even in design, was perhaps greater than it needed to have been. We have endeavoured, from the ethnic stand-point, to indicate some of his perversities and deficiencies. But in a much larger measure it was inevitable. It is too early yet to write history. We have only a remote conception of what so vast an undertaking involves, and yet even for the fulfilment of this imperfect conception, we still lack some of the most important data. In writing of man, we cannot yet even approximately define his antiquity. We do not know how long he has been a dweller upon the earth. We cannot define the number of his species, or whether so contemplated, he is to be regarded as a unity or a multiplicity. We do not know where or through which of his varieties he began to be civilised. We cannot yet say with certainty whether the existing civilisation of Europe be the cycle or the epicycle, nor consequently whether the early monumental and historic culture of Asia was primal or colonial. We are only beginning to define the respective provinces of Semitic and Aryan thought in our existing systems of religion and philosophy. It is only yesterday we discovered the roots of Greek mythology in Sanscrit literature. To-morrow we may in a similar manner dissolve the present forms of Semitic tradition, in the intenser light of a profounder knowledge.

But why proceed with a list of our insufficiencies? No sane man now ever dreams of writing history otherwise than fragmentarily and tentatively, that is, as preparatory to the labours of his more fortunately situated successors. We know that the time for this great work has not yet quite come. Yet everywhere it seems to be ad-

mitted that the old system of merely inditing chronicles will no longer suffice. The more advanced minds have altogether outgrown this stage of intellectual development, and as a consequence demand wider views and a deeper insight in those who profess to be their literary instructors. It was in response to this demand, that Germany in the last generation produced the speculations of Schlegel, and that even practical England, as we have seen in our own day, brought forth the more elaborate work of Buckle. While as her contribution to this movement, America has sent us Draper's *Intellectual Development of Europe*, already noticed in these pages, and to which, therefore, our present reference must be both brief and partial. We have, indeed, introduced it simply as another illustration of that gradual development of the historical idea, to which we have already alluded. In fact, perhaps, from his medical education, and in part from the original constitution of his mind, Dr. Draper is more predominantly scientific than Buckle. The latter was essentially a literary man; his scientific knowledge, mostly acquired by reading, being simply an accessory. But with Dr. Draper it is the basis of his intellectual attainments, the fundamental principle which tends to shape all else into its own likeness. Hence his clear perception of the presence of law, and his unwavering reliance on the regularity and cyclical repetition of historic phenomena, ideas which generally appear vague and hypothetical, if not absolutely chimerical, to a mind cast in the purely literary mould. Yet, from want of detailed anthropological knowledge, he often applies his theories with a laxity, and therefore a facility, anything but safe and satisfactory.

Dr. Draper, in his first page, thus succinctly announces the principle which pervades his work. "Man is the archetype of society. Individual development is the model of social progress." Very grand ideas, no doubt, and affording especial scope for the analogical application of his anatomical and physiological knowledge, to say nothing of his skill in pathology! But while analogy, under due regulations and in the hands of a competent master, is one of the most powerful instruments yet known for the attainment of probability in reference to far-reaching and distant conclusions, being in very truth a royal road to many magnificent domains of thought and knowledge otherwise all but unapproachable, it is nevertheless a most dangerous path to the careless and incompetent, often landing them in bogs of absurdity and bottomless quagmires of folly, in place of the sublime and delectable mountains of everlasting truth. Analogy to be safe must be complete. Your parallel must be absolutely true, or the farther you pursue it the greater is your divergence. Thus, for example, in the instance before us, we may readily grant the truth of the funda-

mental proposition, that humanity is a collective organism—if the Doctor pleases, a physiological unity; but, if so, then it becomes at once obvious that the great races into which it is divided must discharge its various functions. Thus, if we grant that the Caucasian represents the nervous system in the mundane man, then the Mongol, by a similar process of reasoning, must be regarded as the muscular, and the Negro as the vascular portion of this vast organism. And if so, then, as their duties are diverse, their destiny must be different; and it is perfectly absurd to suppose that the fate of the one can prefigure that of either of the others. Granting the premises, there is no escape from this conclusion. But the premises are, in part at least, the Doctor's, and therefore we are not prepared to say that the conclusion is altogether ours. To express these ideas in the terms, and embody them in the thoughts most familiar to anthropologists, we may say that the Caucasian is the intellectual and *progressive* division of mankind, the only one apparently capable of *invention*, the others being only *receptive*, and that in an imperfect degree, of its grander discoveries and appliances. It is thus, as we have already remarked, that, even within the historical period, an Indian faith has overspread nearly the whole of Mongolia. While there is much in the essential character of Chinese civilisation to indicate that its germs at least were alien, and that it has been carefully transmitted from generation to generation as an educational heirloom rather than as an inherent proclivity, as an accepted gift rather than as a racial tendency. The Negro is below even this educational stand-point. He has *vegetated* on in contented barbarism from immemorial time, despite all that Egyptian, Carthaginian, and Roman civilisation could possibly accomplish for his elevation. Hence then the absurdity of the Doctor's conclusion, that the fate of these material and non-progressive races, can be held to prefigure that of the most progressive, even on its highest, if not its only true ethnic area.

The Chinese, after passing through a certain cycle have become utterly stagnant. Precisely so: this is exactly what might have been expected *a priori*. A naturally non-progressive, yet not wholly un-gifted race, receive a certain impulse from without. On this they advance until its original force is exhausted, and then, having no inherent intellectual vitality, they of necessity stand still—waiting for another impulse, which Europe is now about to give them. Dr. Draper seems utterly ignorant of the important ethnic fact, that the Mongol is a *child*, who may be taught much, but from whose feeble immaturity nothing great, commanding, or original can be rationally expected. The organisation of intellect in the Celestial Empire, is simply the arrangement of a great school, where good boys are re-

warded and bad ones are put into the corner. Life is a lesson, and every duty is a task. Every action is prescribed, and every thought is a repetition. Precept and example are the ruling forces. Individuality is ignored, and nothing is left to the spontaneity of the blindly submissive and uninquiring pupil. And this is so because it exactly responds to the ethnic immaturity of the race, of which another accompaniment is the infantile feebleness of the moral sentiment. Hence the very imperfect development of the religious idea, in which there is neither the sublime grandeur of Semitic monotheism, the sombre majesty of Scandinavian mythology, nor the idealistic beauty of Hellenic polytheism. Hence, also, the very imperfect organisation of society, where we find neither the castes of India nor the feudalism of mediæval Europe. Strictly speaking, aristocracy is unknown to the Mongol, as it is to the Negro. Among both there is the tendency, but in each it is germinal. The Chinaman has not a sufficiency of "blood" to effectually develop the idea of hereditary refinement, delicacy, sensibility, or spirit. His peasant may be a gentleman, because even his prince is devoid of the remotest suspicion of chivalry. He knows nothing above the scholar, because he sets no value upon honour, and, by a proclivity of his organisation, esteems astuteness of intellect as immeasurably superior to elevation of sentiment. His vaunted civilisation, when examined from our immeasurably higher stand-point, is a sham and a pretence; it leaves him gross, sensual, grovelling, a liar, a trickster, and a cheat.

Only the most profound ignorance of anthropology could have led Dr. Draper into the grievous error of supposing that, from the experiences of such a race, he could predict the future of the richly endowed and varied nations of modern Europe, where there is more diversity of character and more intellectual resources in a single province, than in the whole empire of China. Let it not be supposed, however, that in this matter we attach any especial blame to him. We have merely cited his work, and that of Buckle, as eminent instances of that vagueness of thought and looseness of phrase, which still permit otherwise well informed men to talk about "Asiatic races" and "Tropical empires", meaning thereby apparently anything from Egypt to Cathay; and whereby, with a facility of generalisation utterly incomprehensible to an F.A.S.L., they manage to group the Mongolic Burmese with the high cast Iranians of Persia, and to confound the Saracenic chivalry of the early caliphs with the troublesome Daimios of our faithful ally the Tycoon of Japan. Now we think it is nearly time that this should cease. Literature, more especially that department of it which pretends to the gravity of history, should

be above existing upon sufferance, and it is only thus that notions so confused and expressions so indefinite can continue to find a place in our libraries. For their other merits, which are neither few nor slight, we may continue to read works like those which we have just noticed, but we do so with a pain and a misgiving, which greatly detract from the pleasure we should otherwise experience. Nor will this dissatisfaction be long confined to the small circle who at present represent anthropological science. It cannot fail eventually to extend thence to the reading public, and whenever this is the case, the doom of such works is sealed; they will be dismissed with other superannuated lumber to that limbo of all the vanities, the shelves of our national museum, there to be preserved with other curiosities for the edification of a more enlightened posterity.

ON THE EARLY HISTORY OF MANKIND.*

A BOOK which contains a curious assemblage of well authenticated facts regarding mankind will always have an interest, from the pleasure which is taken universally in such matter. There is an eager curiosity felt in the description of strange and ancient races contained in the works of travellers and seamen; and to those who take a scientific interest in the human race the evidence is most important, and, in fact, their business is to turn it to account. But it is of greater importance and far more interesting when, besides being an assemblage of curious and interesting facts, it is an attempt to make use of these facts, to bring them under laws upon principles of inductive science, and to deduce from them in this way results of high importance in the history of civilisation.

There is, as Mr. Tylor truly says, a vast mass of material which has as yet been turned to small account; he sees, or thinks he sees, in this mass of matter regarding the various races of the world, ancient and modern, savage and civilised, certain laws which bear upon the movements of the human mind, not, as he takes care to say, shewing themselves in the higher states of civilisation, but almost uniform among the lower types.

* *Researches into the Early History of Mankind, and the Development of Civilisation.* By Edward Burnet Tylor, author of "Mexico and the Mexicans". Murray: 1865.